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THE MENTOR

JANUARY, 1921

A TRIP TO PORTO RICO

WITH DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

Traveler, Lecturer and Author

A WINTER PLEASURE JAUNT IN AND ABOUT THE GEM OF THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS

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PROVISO TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL

THE SPELL OF THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS

A HAUNT OF HIS SATANIC MAJESTY

THE "HAUNTED SENTRY BOX," FORTRESS OF SAN CRISTOBAL, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

THE MENTOR
VOL. 8 SERIAL NUMBER 215 No. 19

A TRIP TO PORTO RICO

WITH

DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

Traveler, Lecturer and Author

PORTO RICO is an ideal tourist spot—a tight little, box-shaped island, filled with beautiful and interesting things. Within its 3,600 square miles Nature has gathered, in close assembly, a wondrous display of mountain and valley scenery, dense jungle and open rolling plantation lands, wild wilderness and rural settlements, primitive village life and busy modern city activities—and has cast over it all the dazzling light of the tropical sun, and set it in the brilliant blue water of a summer sea.

Porto Rico is not only convenient of access, but easy to travel over. No other West Indian island affords such a composite picture of tropical life, industries and vegetation—to be seen with so little trouble. Wonderful roads, modern methods of transportation, and a soft climate make a tour of the island an easy-going pleasure jaunt. The delight begins with the morning of arrival. The moment we see the grim old walls of Morro Castle looming up above the ultramarine sea, we feel the joy of entering a new world, in which land and water are glorified in color, and the air is fresh, fragrant and cool with tropical breezes. As we turn into the narrow harbor we see the ancient city wall, the water gate, and the weather-worn sentry boxes lining the shore, above which lies the Santa Catalina Palace, the present residence of the Governor, the somber, gray fortress of San Cristobal, and the gleaming white walls of Casa Blanca—the historic Ponce de Leon house, built in 1525. The city of San Juan (san hwahn) spreads before us like a vivid picture, extending, in varied colors and forms, up the slope of the hill. Under the glow of the morning sun, lines, forms, and surfaces—even the most commonplace structures—are transformed into objects of beauty. In spite of its antiquity, its crumbling ruins and its picturesque Spanish by-ways and nooks, it is a busy, bustling, noisy, up-to-date city, with many of the features that we are

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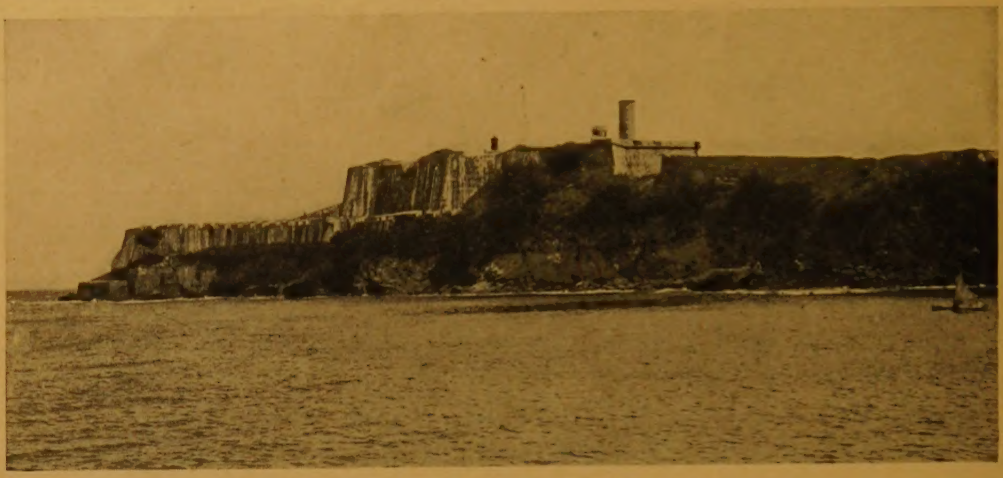


MORRO CASTLE, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

accustomed to meet with on the streets of our own home towns. Though Porto Rico is now a child of Uncle Sam's, the thing we chiefly miss in Porto Rico towns is our native language. The squawk of the automobile is familiar, and the clang of the trolley-car, but the speech of the conductor and chauffeur is the speech of a stranger. Everywhere we hear Spanish. As Charles Lamb would have said, "Even the little children speak Spanish." As a matter of plain truth, most of them *scream* it!

"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE"
A PRIMITIVE PORTO RICAN HOME

San Juan is not only a city, but an island—the off-spring of its parent island, Porto Rico. On one side, San Juan faces the Atlantic Ocean. Then, from the point where Morro Castle stands, the shore curves in so as to form a fine harbor, between the island-city, and the mainland.

When we leave the boat, we turn into the main business street—Calle San Justo (kah'-yay san yoos'-to), and our eye is caught first by an old church—the Santa Anna—which, we find, dates from the sixteenth century. Opposite it is a fine, big building—the American Bank, and on both sides are attractive little shops. A block or so from the docks, at San Francisco Street, the Plaza Principal opens up—a deeply-shaded square, surrounded by buildings and stores, somewhat like Central Park in Havana. On one side is the City Hall, built in 1799, on the other, the Intendencia (Administration) Building.

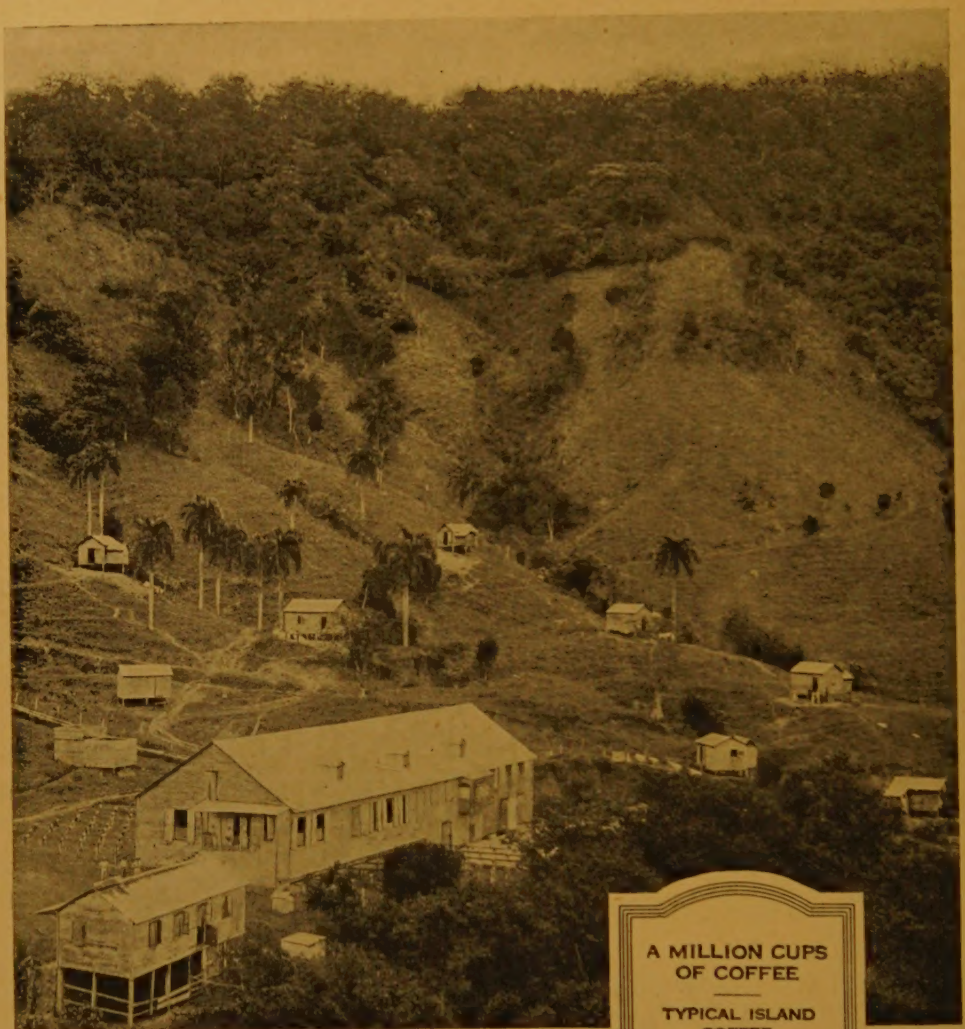
Although San Juan is not a city of great size—the population is less than

SAN JUAN, FROM THE SEA

60,000—it offers many objects of historic and picturesque interest. There to the north is the big dome of the old Cathedral towering above the houses. It is a plain building, with no architectural charm, but it has unique historic importance in being the resting place of the remains of the Founder of the city, Juan Ponce de Leon. Somewhat to the southwest of the Plaza we find the Governor's residence. This palace contains a great throne room, audience chambers, and mosaic-paved courts and stairs. Beyond the palace, and to the right, stands the Casa Blanca, gleaming white among the fresh green palms. This is called the residence of Ponce de Leon, but we are told that this statement is not historically authentic, and that the building was probably erected for the adopted son of the great Spanish adventurer. It is a beautiful example of old Spanish architecture. High on the ridge on which the city stands is San Josê (san ho-say′) Church. In the center of the small plaza in front of this building stands a statue of Ponce de Leon, which was cast from cannons captured by the Spanish from the British.

A day should be spent in a visit to the fortresses of San Cristobal and San Sebastian, and old Morro Castle, with their deep underground galleries, dungeons, tunnels, and gruesome dark vaults. The history of these grim chambers would make unpleasant reading. On the sea-wall of San Cristobal is the so-called

A MODERN COTTAGE
IN THE SUBURBS OF SAN JUAN



A MILLION CUPS OF COFFEE

TYPICAL ISLAND COFFEE PLANTATION

"Haunted Sentry-Box,"—a spectral looking affair that thrusts itself out over water-worn walls. According to the legend, the Devil was accustomed to drop in on this spot and whisk away the guard on duty, "leaving no hint of his presence save the odor of brimstone." Soldiers who thrived and grew bold on the smell of gunpowder quailed before that of brimstone, and became so superstitious that the military authorities were compelled, finally, to abandon the sentry-box.

Not far from San Cristobal is the new market—a busy center of booths and stalls in which we find an inviting display of native fruits, vegetables and other products. If the streets of San Juan seem noisy, go

to the market on Saturday night. The rest of the city will then seem as quiet as a rural spot. Stay long enough in San Juan to visit the interesting old Pantheon or Cemetery. In their graveyards, as in their homes, the Spanish arrange things differently from us. Take in the Bellaja Barracks, where more than two thousand troops may be accommodated. Look into the old churches and monasteries, where you will find many remarkable decorations, curious images and paintings by old masters—and, in the evenings, rest in the Plaza Colon or one of the other open squares, and saturate yourself with the atmosphere of this old-time Spanish capital.

WHERE PONCE DE LEON SLEEPS
DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL AT SAN JUAN

THE MILITARY ROAD

We are off now for an automobile tour of the Island—and what an Island it is for such a tour! On roads as fine as any to be found in the world, we ride through far stretching plantation lands rich in crops of coffee, sugar or tobacco; we climb and descend steep mountainsides, with scenery of ravishing beauty on every hand; we wind about hills near the coast, with occasional glimpses of the sea; or we glide into picturesque old Spanish towns, where we find a life that is strange and fascinating. We take the fine boulevard out past the Castle of San Cristobal, to the little suburb of Puerto Tierra, where the Military Road begins. This highway is a marvel of engineering skill. It was built by the Spanish Government at a cost of about $4,000,000. It crosses the Island from San Juan to Ponce—over eighty miles—taking in several important cities on the way. The high standard of road-making set by the Spaniards has been maintained under American administration, in the construction of new roads that almost completely encircle the Island and cross it in lines some-

HOW DRAWNWORK IS MADE
ISLAND NEEDLEWORK HAS A LARGE MARKET IN THE UNITED STATES

MAIN BUSINESS STREET IN SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

what parallel to the Military Highway.

Shortly after leaving the streets of San Juan, we cross the beautiful San Antonio Bridge, and find ourselves in the attractive little suburban towns of Santurce and Miramar. Here are bungalows, pretty villas and handsome homes buried among flowers, palms and tropical trees. The highway curves around through cocoanut groves, crosses the Martin Peña Bridge, and enters the town of Rio Piedras. From there on the road begins to climb. We roll through groves of great bamboo, under royal palms, and amid small settlements and farms, verdant and rich with banana plants and pineapples, strikingly varied at times by long white stretches where tobacco fields are covered with protecting cheesecloth. We soon reach Caguas, a busy town of 25,000 inhabitants. Here we find Tobacco is king. It is a flourishing town with many fine buildings, connected with San Juan by railroad and telephone and telegraph lines.

From Caguas the road goes mounting on up, crossing queer old Spanish bridges, whirling around dizzy precipices, skirting steep cliffs, with far stretching views of green fields, gleaming rivers and wooded hillsides. Here the air is different from that of San Juan. It is dry, fresh and bracing, for we are nearly 2,000 feet above the ocean. We then run down into the town of Cayey, which is 1,300 feet above the sea, and has a delightfully cool and healthy climate. This is a coffee and tobacco town. Out of Cayey we go climbing again, and the mountain slopes grow steeper. At times we creep like a wary cat around the shoulder of walls that tower far above us, and with sheer precipices below us. From a height of over 3,000 feet we come first to look upon the town of Aibonito, encircled by superb mountain summits. At this lovely sight, as a well-known traveler has observed, "one involuntarily

UNCLE SAM, DOCTOR
AN ISLAND AMBULANCE WITH INFANT PATIENT

exclaims 'How beautiful!' the very words which, in the Spanish term '*Ai Bonito,*' gave the town its name." We stop at Aibonito for a day and night. It is a prosperous looking place, with schools, hospitals, hotels and attractive stores. It is situated 2,000 feet above the sea, and gives us a cool resting place for the night.

PLAZA IN PONCE, PORTO RICO

Near Aibonito we reach the highest point on the island—3,300 feet. From there we gaze over mountain and valley, clear to the distant sea in the south. After leaving Aibonito we glide in curves and sharp turns down to Coamo, where the famous Coamo mineral springs are situated. Here there is a good hotel, and a sanitarium, with baths, all set in beautiful scenery and a perfect climate. From Coamo we pass quickly on and through the little town of Juana Diaz (hwah-na dee-ath). Running along green pasture lands we, finally, reach the quaint and picturesque city of Ponce, on the southern coast.

UNCLE SAM, TEACHER
McKINLEY SCHOOL AT PONCE, PORTO RICO

PONCE

San Juan is a hilly town; Ponce is flat. San Juan has some of the modern American spirit; Ponce is truly old Spanish. There are many beautiful residences in Ponce, a big, busy market, hospitals, schools, asylums, clubs, a hippodrome, baseball field, motion picture theaters, and a very beautiful theater, "La Perla," where the best plays are given. The hotels are fairly good, and the restaurants much as we find in San Juan and also in Havana—open air affairs with plenty of fruit and good coffee. Ponce is a bower of tropical plants and trees. Everywhere about us flowers are in bloom.

If one's stay in Porto Rico is a short one, he may content himself with the run across on the Military Road that we have just taken, then put in a few days in Ponce, and return to San Juan by boat. This is a pleasant trip, for the steamers of the Porto Rican line sail around the island, stopping at Mayaguez and Arecibo

A STUDENTS' BAND
ORGANIZED BY PUPILS OF THE SAN JUAN HIGH SCHOOL

(ah-re-see'-bo) on the west and north coast. If one has time, however, he should remain long enough to continue his tour of the roads and see more of the interior of the island. If one takes the road west one will ride through magnificent scenery, rugged and precipitous, with looming mountains, on which he will find forest land out of which flow foaming torrents. This road will take one up to Arecibo on the north coast, an old and interesting town of about 10,000 inhabitants. From there one can go west to Aguadilla, a spot worth visiting because it was there that Columbus first landed on Porto Rican soil. We read that the Great Discoverer "was in search of water for his ships, and filled his casks at a spring which gushed forth near the beach and which he named '*Ojo de Agua*,' (oyo de ahgwah) or 'The Water's Eye.' Today the same spring serves to supply Aguadilla's people with water and is covered with an ornate commemorative fountain."

Mayaguez, further south but also on the western coast, is a large, prosperous town of 40,000 inhabitants, and is one of the most attractive and picturesque places on the island, full of fine buildings and beautiful homes. The streets are clean and well kept. Being a great shipping port and having superior railroad advantages, Mayaguez holds third place in commercial importance in Porto Rico. From Mayaguez the return trip to Ponce can be made by the southwestern highway, which will take one to a number of characteristic old Spanish towns, one of which, Guanica (gwah-nee-ka), is of interest to us as the spot on the coast where General Miles landed with the United States troops when he invaded Porto Rico in July, 1898.

THE EAST ROUTE FROM PONCE

Running east from Ponce we find ourselves on a beautiful coast road

AN ISLAND VILLAGE
SCHOOLS AND SANITARY SERVICE ARE DOING MUCH TO ELIMINATE THIS TYPE OF DWELLING

that takes us to Guayama (gwah-ya-ma), a fine, enterprising, successful town of nearly 20,000 inhabitants. We are now in the very center of the great sugar district of Porto Rico, and all along our way, the cane fields stretch off as far as the eye can reach. The land near the coast is level and dry. The salt plains lying near the coast are covered with various desert growths—cacti, Spanish bayonet, and other coarse forms of plant life that remind us of Arizona or New Mexico.

CARNIVAL TIME

PORTO RICANS ARE JOY-LOVING, AND MAKE THE MOST OF HOLIDAYS—ESPECIALLY THE CHILDREN

Along the coast we pass three towns—Arroyo, Patillas and Maunabo, characteristic little Spanish towns. We are told at Arroyo that the main interest of that place to Americans lies in the fact that Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor, established there the first telegraph line in Porto Rico, while he was on a visit to some relatives who occupied a nearby sugar estate.

A GRIM REMINDER

EARTH WORKS IN GUANICA, PORTO RICO, THROWN UP BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS ON LANDING IN 1898

The next important town on the road is Humacao, surrounded by mountains and valleys—altogether a neat, prosperous-looking place. At Humacao we have the choice of continuing on up the shore through various towns near the coast, and turning back west at the north shore of the island, or of following an excellent road that runs directly west to Caguas, where we can rejoin the Military Highway.

If one has time, it is well, before leaving Porto Rico, to take the parallel road from San Juan that runs down through Bayamon, Comerio and Baranquitas. This leads through some of the finest scenery in the whole island. If you think your eyes have had their full of grandeur on the Military Road and the Eastern Route, take this straight road through the center of the island, at least as far as Aibonito, where you join the Military Highway. It will add a lot to your impressions of Porto Rico's scenic splendor. One can do

it in a day or so very conveniently. One crosses from San Juan by ferry boat to Cantano, and, from there, on a broad highway, the run is made down to the town of Bayamon. This brisk little city is worth seeing for historic reasons. In fact, it has been declared to be "the most historic spot in Porto Rico." It was founded by Ponce de Leon in 1509, and was known as the city of Puerto Rico. In 1521, owing to its being in an exposed position, it was deserted by the original settlers, who moved over across the bay and founded the city of San Juan. Then the old name of their capital, Puerto Rico, was bestowed on the island itself, and the town became known as Bayamon.

COAMO SPRINGS HOTEL

The hot mineral springs at Coamo deserve a visit. There are also mineral springs at Ponce and Caguas; and a trip, of great interest, to the caves of Aguas Buenas (ahgwas bway-nas). The great cavern is a natural curiosity that will no doubt be as famous in time as our own Mammoth Cave. The expedition into the earth is one to remember —with many interesting and exciting incidents.

Most visitors to Porto Rico confine their trip to the fine, well-traveled roads. Few have the venturesome spirit to attempt the trails that lead through the wilder parts of the interior of the island. Those that have done so, however, bring back tales of thrilling experiences and amazing scenery.

The people of Porto Rico are pleasure-loving, polite, and hospitable. After being entertained in various places by representative Porto Rican gentlemen, we bring away a sense of cordial interest, courteous attention and generous entertainment. We bring home with us also a feeling of friendly attachment that we would like to impart to all our fellow Americans. What is needed in Porto Rico is the development of a closer and more cordial feeling between the Porto Ricans and ourselves. Time will bring it about. Everyone who goes to Porto Rico in a spirit of friendly interest, looking upon the natives, not as foreigners, but as new members of our national family, will help to bring about a mutual understanding.

OLD NATIVE TUNES STILL HOLD THEIR SPELL

TROPICAL SHORE AND SEA, PORTO RICO

COLUMBUS FOUND IT

THE BEGINNINGS OF PORTO RICO

PORTO RICO was one of Columbus's discoveries. He landed there on his second voyage in 1493, and named the island San Juan Bautista. With Columbus on this trip was the great soldier of fortune, Juan Ponce de Leon, who looked with a speculative eye on the possibilities in the new found island of deposits of gold. In 1508 the gallant adventurer visited the island of Porto Rico and explored it. In 1509, he was appointed by King Ferdinand of Spain governor of the island, and he settled there with a considerable military force. For several years thereafter he was engaged in securing control of the island, and in ridding it of the hostile tribes. He had his troubles—not only with the natives, but with a rival governor, Jean Ceron, who was appointed by Diego Columbus over Ponce de Leon's head. In 1513 Ponce set off to explore Florida. When he returned, he was kept busy for several years in guarding and exterminating the Carib Indians, who were overrunning Porto Rico. It was not until 1521 that he was ready to set out for Florida again, and that trip finished his adventurous career, for he was wounded and taken over to Cuba, where he died.

After his death, Porto Rico had a quiet, uneventful history under Spanish rule for nearly two hundred years. Pirates visited the island at various times, and there were occasional assaults during the seventeenth century by English and Dutch fleets. The fortifications of San Juan were held, however, and the invaders were repulsed.

During all these years the population of the island had been growing, and changing in character. Negro slaves had been introduced, and colonists had come from Spain, so that, by 1780, there were nearly 80,000 inhabitants. At the beginning of the nineteenth century this population was further increased by a large number of refugees who had fled from the revolutions of South America. It was, in comparison with other nations of the Western Hemisphere, a peace-loving population. Revolutions found no great encouragement in the island.

When the Spanish-American War broke out in 1898, Porto Rico was strongly garrisoned by Spain, but the old fortifications were obsolete and antiquated. The American forces found no difficulty in invading the island in July. General Nelson A. Miles landed on the 25th of that month on the southern shore, with about 3,400 troops, and when he entered the town of Ponce he was received with demonstrations of joy by the inhabitants. After reinforcements that brought the American army of invasion up to about 10,000 men, General Miles advanced across the island in four columns. At every point a cordial welcome was given to the invaders. For a military campaign it was a joke. By November the Spaniards had evacuated most of the island, and, on the 18th of October, Porto Rico was turned over to the American forces, and the United States flag was raised at San Juan. The Treaty of Paris, signed on December 10, 1898, gave Porto Rico to the United States.

THE CASA BLANCA—CALLED THE "PONCE DE LEON HOUSE," PORTO RICO

A BLOODLESS CONQUEST

UNCLE SAM APPEARS AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE

SPAIN formally surrendered Porto Rico at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, October 18, 1898, by the withdrawal of her troops from the capital city of San Juan. The dawn of this memorable day came clear, colorless, and hot.

At daylight the last Spanish bugle call sounded through the town from the Fortress of San Cristobal and Morro, and 1,600 Spanish soldiers prepared to take a sad leave.

In answer to the shrill blasts of Spanish bugles, came back the responsive notes of the Americans, and soon the steady, sturdy tramp of the boys in khaki resounded between the low walls of the city streets. As the hour of twelve drew near, American soldiers stood before the white front of the balconied home of the Spanish Governor-general, and, in the plaza before the Chamber of Deputies and the City Hall, and again at the gates of Morro and San Cristobal. Around about them at these places were gathered queer, interesting groups of American tourists, newspaper men, Spanish and Porto Rican merchants, and dark colored, ragged natives. There was little enthusiasm. The minutes passed in hushed waiting, a straining of eyes toward the bare flagpoles, and a nervous consultation of watches.

The cry of "Attention!" caused every soldier to straighten rigidly on his heels. Newspaper men craned their necks in eager expectancy, and the click of camera-shutters could be heard from every point of elevation. At each flagstaff a shoulder-strapped man stood grasping the flag-halyards, trying them now and then, in fear lest they might fail at the critical moment, and, from their high-perched positions, watching the clock towers, or looking seaward toward the fortified castles for the first flash of fire and smoke from the black guns.

Ding! and the little, sweet-toned bell of a nearby cathedral sang the first note of twelve; it was overpowered in its first vibrations by the deep, bellowing clang of the great bell on the City Hall. They answered each other in rhythmic chime, the ponderous and the weak, one after another, until the last echoing thrill of twelve made Porto Rico Uncle Sam's.

The Stars and Stripes rose gently over every building and were wafted by a new-born breeze, as if in sympathy with the rousing cheers of the surging Americans beneath, and, too, as if in salutation to the roaring guns that belched their smoke far to seaward as they boomed out the twenty-one shots of honor and of freedom.

It was a deeply impressive ceremony—done without ostentatious display, done without gold lace, uniforms or martial panoply, but well done. No bombastic speeches were uttered; no great military pomp; the Stars and Stripes were raised softly, proudly, and, as we may say, with an outstretched hand of friendship.

Condensed from the story of the well-known journalist, William Dinwiddie, who was present at the scene of the evacuation.

VOTELESS FOR YEARS

PORTO RICANS GIVEN BALLOT ONLY RECENTLY

WHEN the United States took over Porto Rico a system of government was established under an Act popularly known by the name of its sponsor, Senator J. B. Foraker. This was planned to cover the administration of affairs until such a time when the United States Congress would provide a permanent constitution for the island. According to the original act, all the inhabitants of Porto Rico who were Spanish subjects on September 11, 1899—except those, of course, who wanted to keep their allegiance to Spain—together with the United States citizens that were residing in Porto Rico, were comprehended under a general body known as the People of Porto Rico. The Government of Porto Rico held jurisdiction over the island itself and the three adjoining islands, Vieques, Culebra and Mona, which were included in the surrender of territory by Spain.

The Government was framed, of course, after that of the United States, and it was divided into similar departments, the three great heads being the Executive, Legislative and the Judicial. The Executive authority is vested in a Governor, who is appointed by the President of the United States, and who holds office for a term of four years. The officers appointed by the Governor also hold office for four years.

According to the Organic Act of 1900, the Legislative power was vested in a Legislative Assembly, which was made up of the Executive Council and a House of Delegates. These two bodies corresponded respectively to the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States. The Executive Council consisted of eleven members, at least five of which had to be native inhabitants of Porto Rico. Under the New Organic Act of March 2, 1917, the legislative power in Porto Rico is now vested in a Legislature consisting of two houses: The Senate and the House of Representatives.

The Governor has the right to veto any bill passed by the Legislature, and a vote of two-thirds of the members of each house is necessary to pass over his veto. All laws, however, enacted by the Legislature of Porto Rico must be submitted for approval to the Congress of the United States. All franchises—railways, telegraph, telephone, and so on—can be granted only by the Executive Council, with the approval of the Governor, but none of these franchises can become operative until approved by the President of the United States. There are about seventy municipalities in Porto Rico, the principal town in each district being the seat of administration and ruled by a mayor. He has associated with him for local administration an assembly known as the Municipal Council.

For seventeen years previous to March 2, 1917, Porto Ricans occupied the position of being attached to a republic, without enjoying any form of citizenship. Up to this time they were a people without a country—neither aliens nor citizens. All residents twenty-one years of age or over may now have the franchise. The great majority have elected to become citizens.

PLAZA PRINCIPAL, INTENDENCIA (GOVERNMENT) BUILDING OPPOSITE, CITY HALL AT RIGHT. SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

VIEW ALONG THE MILITARY ROAD, PORTO RICO

VIEW FROM
CAS

TOBACCO CROP UNDER
CULTURE, PORTO RICO

MORE BEAUTIF

THAT is how an American traveler described the mountains of Porto Rico. At every turn of the splendid system of roads, which covers the Island, there are new and beautiful vistas. Now a deep *barranca*, or ravine, yawns beneath the road, and one looks into dim depths where groves of bananas, coffee and fruit trees nestle. Across range after range of steep, green hills loom towering mountains, their summits draped in clouds and their sides cultivated and verdant with growing crops. Here and there are long avenues of flaming poinciana trees or, suddenly, the road passes through great clumps of to ing, feathery bamboo. Wayside *fonda* country stores, wattled huts and s roofed with ancient Spanish tile, line settled stretches. New scenes, new and new interests confront the mot who tours Porto Rico, and the roads, during monuments to the skill of Spanish engineers who built them, are equal of any found in the States.

The Military Road, which links

ACE, SHOWING
AN

VIEW OF HARBOR, SAN JUAN

MOUNTAIN SCENERY,
PORTO RICO

HAN THE SIERRAS

an, on one side of the Island, with Ponce, the other, is the most popular with Island l visiting motorists. Speeding on the wnward ascent toward Ponce the whole aracter of the country changes; moss, e-ferns and other tropical growths dis- pear; one passes through a scene that ght be in the New England States. ick, bushy trees replace the bamboo; adows and hillside are covered with wav- grass in which cattle and ponies graze. It might be in the Berkshire Hills. Soon an avenue of poinciana trees appears ahead; one is in the outlying streets of Ponce, and the illusion is gone.

Ox-carts and antiquated vehicles, victorias, luxurious touring cars, noisy motorcycles and the ubiquitous flivver crowd the lower levels; but, in the less traveled portions of the Island, connecting trails tempt only the most hardy of horsemen, for their precipitous grades and slippery surfaces can be negotiated in safety by native horses only. The Government is rapidly improving the better trails.

THREE R'S IN PORTO RICO

AMERICAN TEACHERS TRAINING THE YOUNG IDEA

THE flag floating above the country school house is the most convincing symbol of a nation's progress. Twenty years' membership in the family of Uncle Sam has done a great deal for the school children of Porto Rico. In 1898, there was only one building on the island especially erected for educational purposes, and out of the population of a little over 953,000, less than 30,000 attended school—leaving over 300,000 children of school-age who were not in school. The effect of this was shown in the condition of the older generation; 73 % of the males of voting age—that is, over twenty-one years—were unable to read or write.

The Governor of Porto Rico now reports that, in 1919, out of the population of 1,300,000 there were 434,381 children of school age, and that about 161,000 of these attend school—an increase over conditions of twenty years ago of nearly 140,000. There were only 525 teachers in 1898—today there are 3,000. There are now 529 public school buildings—most of them fine structures, completely equipped. There are elementary schools, high schools, night schools, and special trade schools—with special courses in agriculture, cooking and sewing, and instruction in music and drawing. In the education of Porto Rico children, utility is the dominating thought — as it should be. Instruction in the Porto Rican public schools is now given in the English language. Spanish is taught as a special subject, beginning with the second grade, and continuing to the end of the course. There is no disposition on the part of teachers to force English or to suppress Spanish. It is important, however, that the young generation should speak the language of Uncle Sam. A balance of the two languages will naturally be maintained, for the children hear and speak Spanish almost everywhere in their daily life—at home with their families, and in association with their friends.

On and above the actual instruction given in the schools, all the benefits, pleasures and pursuits of American school life are cultivated. There are school libraries, playgrounds, and lunch-rooms — the latter supported either by private donations, public funds, or both combined. Some of the children get better food at school than they get at home. School bands have been organized, for instrumental music plays an important part in the social life of the Porto Rican people. Every town has its band, and an improvement in their music is noticeable since the establishment of school bands. School bands render music at the school festivals, exercises, and special concerts on the public plaza, at teachers' meetings, at meetings of parent associations, athletic meetings, and other occasions. School bands are already organized in twenty-one towns. San Juan, besides having a school band, has also a school orchestra.

Besides the public schools, there are a number of private schools in Porto Rico—last year there were 60 altogether, 21 of them in San Juan — the grade of work ranging from kindergarten to high school instruction.

VILLAGE SCHOOL NEAR SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

AN ISLAND SUMMIT

PORTO RICO ONE OF MANY OCEAN MOUNTAINS

PORTO RICO is the summit of an oceanic mountain. The great mountain range of the Antilles embraces Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, Jamaica and a number of small islands to the eastward, and it includes also a mountain chain that is now entirely submerged, and that extends westward under the ocean toward the Isthmus of Panama. It rises a little north of Porto Rico, almost vertically from the depths of the ocean, 27,000 feet to sea level, then on up to various heights in the islands of the West Indies, its greatest altitude being 11,300 feet, in Mount Tina, Santo Domingo. This means that the West Indian islands are simply the "protruding tips of the mightiest and most precipitous mountain range in the world," which has its foundations in the bottom of the ocean, and which pushes up above the surface of the water, reaching heights which, from bases to summits, are nearly 10,000 feet higher than Mount Everest in the Himalayas. The immense depths of water on either side of this wonderful ocean mountain range are the greatest known. There was a submergence years ago of a vast amount of the original land area of this mountain chain—this submerged land being thought by some writers to be the "Lost Atlantis"—and, while the ocean rolled for centuries over this sunken land, it became covered with a deposit of shells and sea animals. Then, in the upheavals of the earth, parts of it were raised high above the water—much higher than today—so that solid land perhaps extended as far as to the mainland of South America. There is a great difference of opinion among scientists about this matter, but it makes an appeal to the imagination, and we like to believe it. Those geologists that favored the idea called the vast area of land then exposed and connecting the two continents, "the Windward Bridge." Then came another subsidence of land until the islands were simply tiny pinnacles above the deep, and these were covered with coral deposit, and, finally, with vegetation and animal life. Volcano, earthquake, coral insect and wild bird all had a share in the formation of these beautiful islands as we see them today.

Porto Rico is the most eastern and the smallest of the Great Antilles. It is shaped like a box, with a length of nearly 100 miles and a breadth of about 35. Its area is something over 3,600 square miles. The surface of the island is, for the most part, an assembly of mountains, ridges, hills, and peaks, varied by deep valleys, high table-lands, and steep canyons. The highest peak, El Yunque (The Anvil), near the eastern end of the island, is not quite 4,000 feet in height, but the scenic beauty of Porto Rico is unrivaled by that of any of its sister islands, on account of the precipitous character of the mountain ranges. The range, known as the Cordilleras, has an average altitude of only about 2,500 feet, but it is made up of spurs, ridges, isolated peaks, and abrupt slopes that give superb scenic effects. The traveler who takes to the mountain trails will find wild beauties and adventurous trails not exceeded in "thrill" even by those of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras.

VIEW ON MILITARY ROAD SHOWING BARE MOUNTAIN SUMMITS OF PORTO RICO

"PAY DIRT" IN PORTO RICO

RICH PRODUCTS AND UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES OF THE ISLAND

PORTO RICO is, to a great extent, an agricultural country, and its chief wealth is in the product of the soil. The great majority of the inhabitants of Porto Rico are either engaged in agriculture, or else in work of some kind relating to or depending on agriculture.

Of all the products of Porto Rican soil sugar is the principal one. Sugar cane has been grown on the island for 300 years. The first sugar mill was erected in 1548. Through the years, mills grew in number and the output of sugar increased annually. Up until American enterprise took hold, the mills were the simplest and crudest affairs, driven by the power of plodding oxen. Improved methods have produced within the last few years the best quality of cane and highly efficient processes of sugar making and handling. The Porto Rico sugar industry should be a source of great wealth to the island. The only thing that has checked it has been a tariff system that obliged Porto Rico to compete in the sugar trade with other countries--with the result that many Porto Rican planters lost money and became discouraged.

Tobacco and coffee are important products of the island. In certain sections of the country the soil produces a high grade of tobacco which is considered by some equal to the best Cuban tobacco. At present rate of production, tobacco may, before long, become the chief product of the land, though coffee is also increasing rapidly in importance. The Spaniards always favored coffee as an article of export, and Porto Rico under Spanish rule contributed coffee in great quantity to Spain, Cuba and other countries. Now Porto Rico has to compete with Brazil--which is a big and growingly important rival. Moreover, the markets for Porto Rican coffee in Spain and Cuba were affected by the tariffs, and Porto Rican coffee is little known in the United States. In spite of these disadvantages, the coffee industry in Porto Rico is gaining, and the production increasing. Coffee is headed for the first place among the island products.

Porto Rico grows many varied fruits, wholesome and rich in flavor. The most important of the fruits are pineapples, which are extensively grown, oranges, grapefruit, and bananas. Cocoanuts are in abundance. Little is grown in the way of cereals, but beans are an important vegetable product. Attempts have been made to raise cattle and horses. Dairy farms, poultry farms and bee farms are plentiful and flourishing--and here and there one finds truck gardens cultivated.

The natural resources of Porto Rico have not been thoroughly investigated. The great hidden wealth of the soil still remains practically untouched, and reports of such investigations as have been made give evidence that gold, silver, iron, bismuth, lead, tin, nickel, platinum and copper are all to be found in the island, and that the deposits are large, rich, easy of access and near transportation. It is stated that copper ore is to be found in some localities, that iron is abundant and that gold and silver, running as high as $400 per ton, may be found in certain sections. It is stated, moreover, that the rivers carry gold and that natives frequently wash out several dollars' worth a day.

GREAT SUGAR MILL AT GUANICA, PORTO RICO

A GIANT PALM LEAF FAN.

THE DESERT PALM OF PORTO RICO

PLAY AND WORK IN PORTO RICO

THE Porto Rican is fond of the spectacular, in amusements and in daily life. He and his family adore dancing and the theater, carnivals and games of chance. In every good-sized town there are frequent band concerts on the public square, attended by a chattering, bright-hued throng. Even the grandmothers dress in gay colors. Dancing and music are the most popular diversions,—now that cock-fighting has been suppressed by the *Americanos*. In the farm districts, merrymakers dance the traditional steps of the Spanish countryfolk, introduced on the island by the conquerors of two hundred years ago.

PORTO RICAN BELLES ON PARADE

At native dancing parties men wear coats of black silk or alpaca, with white trousers and sashes of colored silk. The dresses of the women, who are often very lovely in their youth, are of black or white material, set off by a vivid lining, and worn with a short sleeveless jacket. On festal occasions, their delicate beauty is enhanced by the lace mantilla, worn over the head and caught up by a rose or comb.

The feminine symbol preeminent is the fan. Inlaid, carved, gilded or jeweled, and made of silk or feathers, it becomes a wand of coquetry, when waved by a Porto Rican belle. In the farm districts the gaudy bandanna is used to fashion the headdresses of the women. Horses and mules carry the peasants to and fro, and often the saddles of the women riders are elaborately decorated and have silken, slipper-like stirrups.

A phase of island life, typical of all Spanish communities, is the prevalence of beggars. The climate, so conducive to laziness, is at once the joy of the lazy man and his best excuse. Clothes and a roof are less a matter of necessity in the balmy land of Porto Rico than under more rigorous skies; and food is within arm-reach on any banana tree.

A revel of color is the Sunday morning market on the square. The country people, arriving on foot or donkey back from their mountain farms, unload dewy cargoes of wild-flowers and orchids, of oranges and limes, okra, yams and ginger, pumpkins, melons and bananas—yellow and red, of pineapples and calico-skinned mangoes, guava, garbanza beans and the lily-like *yautia*. And the tints of flowers and vegetables are rivaled by the costumes of the women that vend them.

The races mingle freely whatever their color—black, red or white. The person of unmixed blood is rather a novelty than otherwise. In all houses that make pretension to comfort the family is served by several domestics. People of gentle birth consider it demeaning to carry a package on the street. Porto Ricans as a class have contempt for manual labor. A mechanic directs his helper, but does not assist with his hands. If a porter is engaged to carry baggage, he arrives with a colored boy to do the actual work, while he takes the money and walks haughtily beside his hireling.

The rural population may be divided into landowners and field workers. The conscientious planter, and there are none too many of him, provides shelter, maintains a community store, and exercises supervision over the welfare of his employees. The *jibaro*, or mountain-bred tiller of the soil, is suspicious, wily, proud, and very ignorant. He is not allowed to own land, and usually works only just enough days in the week to earn bare necessities.

"MY HOUSE IS YOURS"

PORTO RICO is a land of sunshine and gentle manners. Latitude and longitude are responsible for the first; the manners are a heritage from Spanish ancestors. A Spaniard's "house is yours," even if you are a stranger in the land. And in Porto Rico this is not merely an ornamental phrase. Hosts mortgage their most treasured belongings that their guests may be suitably entertained. A guest, not to be outdone in generosity, bestows gifts after receiving hospitality, and gives a liberal reward of silver to those that serve.

A COMFORTABLE PORTO RICAN HOME

"It is a hospitality highly seasoned with garlic and sweet oil that the true-born *Puertoriqueño* proffers to Americans, but," we are assured by one that knows the islanders well, "it is no less beautiful in sentiment for all its odoriferousness. An elaborate dinner in a Porto Rican home is a trying gastronomic ceremony. The menu is made up of astonishing viands, and the dishes seem to follow no conventional sequence in their procession to the table. Soup is as apt to be the second or third dish as the first. Roast beef and beefsteak are served at most unheard-of moments. The disastrous effect of a meat diet in tropical climes has been dwelt upon by medical experts, yet at one dinner no less than eight meat dishes were served—combinations of bacon, of ham, of kidney, of beef, and of chicken."

This is the menu of a well-remembered dinner served to American guests by an island host:

Fried eggs with fried corn-cakes
Vegetable soup with garlic
Godinga (a hash of chopped kidneys and liver seasoned with garlic and olives)
Larded beef, flavored with garlic and oil
Beefsteak, onions and garlic, fried in oil
Potatoes, both white and sweet
Rice and scrambled eggs
Guava jelly cut in small blocks
Cocoanut and brown sugar
Apples and cheese
Coffee and cigars

Says a traveler, "Dinner is served, one article of food at a time, and the plates, knives, and forks are changed with each. At least a dozen such changes take place during a single meal.

"Smoking goes on at the table with the ladies present, and unfinished cigars are carried into the drawing-room.

"The table decoration consists of a huge bouquet of native flowers, which are magnificent in their profusion and variety.

"Napkins are generally as large as towels, but in many of the interior towns table-linen is at a premium, and it is slightly shocking to catch a pretty, black-eyed *senorita* slyly wiping her rosebud mouth on the edge of the table-cloth.

"The native early-morning meal is a cup of coffee with milk and a piece of bread. Breakfast is served at eleven or twelve o'clock.

"Dinner is *the* meal of the day, and is eaten between six and seven o'clock. This is the native's only full, heavy meal, and this fact may account for his ability to eat a quantity of food which leaves the average American a victim to indigestion and remorse." Early in the course of a meal an alligator pear is sometimes served, dressed with oil and vinegar. Sweet potato soup, and goat cheese made by the natives, add variety to the menu. The *garbonza*, a large yellow pea of chestnut flavor, is a staple vegetable. Here, as in Spain and Portugal, a bowl of boiled garbonzas is often the only dish on the peasant's dinner table. The *frijole* (free-hol-ay), a red bean, also dominates the poor man's bill of fare.

Whatever the fare and whoever the host, the spirit of hospitality is the same. The best that a Porto Rican has belongs to his guest, even to the house he lives in.

MAKING A PALM LEAF HAT

SUGAR and spice and numerous other things nice thrive in the opulent isle of Porto Rico. The land is so fertile that all sorts of tropic growths abound. But down in the southwest there is a strip of coast where nature seems to have run out of rich soil—as though she had miscalculated the supply and spent too prodigally elsewhere. Even the rain clouds hurry over this arid strip and leave it parched beneath a blinding sun. Only palms flourish here—cocoanut palms, which are never demanding in the way of roothold, and another sort of palm tree that grows, not fruit, but hats. And very excellent hats they are. Quite as good, in expert opinion, as those that come from the Isthmus of Panama.

PALM HATS IN THE MAKING

The hat palm, which grows wild in great abundance, is about eight feet tall and has broad fanlike leaves. Young leaves, fine in texture and almost white when dried, are selected for the best hats. Cut when green, they are spread to dry and bleach, as linen is laid in the sun. Two dried leaves, costing the weavers about $1.50, are enough to make one hat of first-class workmanship. The material for cheaper hats, which are made from coarse cream-colored leaves, costs twenty to twenty-five cents each.

Women and children do the weaving. Early in the morning, as soon as the housewife has tidied up her palm-thatched and palm-wainscoted cabin, she sits down in her palm-shaded front yard and begins to plait the narrow lengths. If she plans to do a fine hat, she draws from the bundle a handful of strips no more than a sixteenth of an inch wide. The narrower the strip the longer the weaving process. As she forms the germ of the hat—the disk in the center of the crown—and proceeds in slowly widening circles, she creates a shower of delicate fibrous ribbons, and these her supple fingers thread in and out to form crown and brim.

About sixty days' labor goes into the making of a first-quality hat. Only half this time would be necessary except for a curious fact. The leaves chosen for the finest work must be soft, so the slender strips will not crack and break. These, spread out on the ground, are pliable only in the morning, when they are still damp from the dew. Practical everyday hats, made of coarse strips, can be finished in two or three days, and sell to the dealer's agent for less than a dollar. A sixty-day hat may bring $30 or $40. The coarser woven hats of deep-cream tint often give the best wear, because they are less liable to crack.

The weavers dispose of their wares at their own doorstep. The product of the primitive community is then taken to Mayaguez, the finishing and distributing center for this lively Porto Rican industry. The chief village of the sombrero weavers is Joyuda, and "Joyuda hats" are renowned throughout the island. In foreign markets they usually sell as "Panamas"; American purchasers seldom know that their prized headgear is fashioned by dusky fingers in the palmy isle of Porto Rico.

Ruth Kedzie Wood

A TRAINING CLASS IN HAT WEAVING

PEN PICTURES OF PORTO RICO

WE have no better traveling companion today than Harry Franck. He has carried thousands of enthusiastic readers through South America, vagabonding down the Andes. As many more have gone joyously with him afoot in Spain. Now, as he takes us Roaming Through the West Indies,* his clear-seeing eyes have registered various vivid closeups of life in lovely Porto Rico.

A COCOANUT TREE IN A PORTO RICAN FRONT YARD

FOUR KINDS OF FEET

"We divide the people of Porto Rico into four categories for purposes of identification," said the American chief of the insular police, "according to the shape of their feet. The minority, mostly town dwellers, wear shoes. Of the great mass of country men, those with broad, flat feet live in the canelands around the coast. The coffee men have overdeveloped big toes, because they use them in climbing the steep hillsides from bush to bush. In the tobacco districts, where the planting is done with the feet, they are short and stubby. It beats the Bertillon system all hollow."

The man bent on seeing the varying phases of Porto Rican life could not do better than adopt the chief's broad divisions of the population, for our overcrowded little Caribbean isle is a complex community, as complex in its way as its great stepmotherland. Small as it is, it contains a diversity of types that emphasizes the influence of occupation, immediate environment, even scenery, on the human family.

ROCKING CHAIR CONCERTS

San Juan, the capital, to give the shod minority the precedence, is compacted together on a small island of the north coast. It was a century old when the Dutch colonized New Amsterdam. Its Americanization consists chiefly of frequent *fuentes de soda* (soda fountains) in place of its bygone cafés, and a certain reflection of New York ways in its larger stores. Baseball, too, has come to stay. The central plaza on a Sunday evening has a few notes of uniqueness to the sated Latin-American traveler. The Porto Rican seems to like free play in his central squares. A few years ago a venturesome American Jew conceived the plan of providing concert-going San Juan with rocking chairs in place of the uncomfortable iron *sillas* (seats). While the municipal band renders its classical program with a moderate degree of skill, all San Juan rocks in unison with the leader's baton. Then suddenly one is aware of a tingling of the blood as the *retrata* ends with a number that brings all San Juan quickly to its feet, males uncovered, or standing stiffly at salute—the Star-Spangled Banner.

PACKING-BOX HAMLETS

By Porto Rican law the entire beach of the island is government property for sixty feet back of the water's edge. As a consequence, what would in our own land be the choicest residential region is everywhere covered with squatters, who pay no rent, and patch their miserable little shelters together out of tin cans, old boxes, bits of driftwood, and *yagua* and palm-leaves, the interior walls covered, if at all, with picked-up labels and illustrated newspapers. Aguadilla, the most typical town of Porto Rico, has much the same proportion between its favored few and its poverty-stricken many as the island itself. The hills come close down to the sea here, leaving little room for the pauper people of all Porto Rican suburbs. Hence those of Aguadilla have stacked their tiny shacks together in the narrow rocky cañons between the mountain-flanked railroad and the sea-level.

So closely are these hundreds of human nests crowded that in many places even a thin man can pass between them only by advancing sidewise. Built of weather-blackened bits of boxes, most of them from "the States," with their addresses and trade-

*"Roaming Through the West Indies," by Harry A. Franck, published by the Century Company, 1920.

A SLOW BUT SURE WAY OF GETTING BANANAS TO MARKET

marks still upon them, they look far less like dwellings than abandoned kennels thrown into one great garbage heap. Of furnishing they have almost none, not even a chair to sit on in many cases. The occupants squat upon the floor, or, at best, take turns in the "hammock," a ragged gunny-sack tied at both ends and stretched from corner to corner of the usually single room. The families are usually large, despite an appalling infant mortality, and half a dozen children without clothing enough between them to cover the smallest are almost certain to be squalling, quarreling, and rolling about the pieced-together floor or on the ground beneath it.

NOTHING TO DO

There is a Japanese effect in the density of population of our little West Indian colony. When the traveler has motored for hours without once getting out of sight of human habitations, when he has noted how the unpainted little shacks speckle the steepest hillside, even among the high mountains, when he has seen the endless clusters of hovels that surround every town, whether of the coast or the interior, he will come to realize the crowded condition. If he is a trifle observant, he will also see everywhere signs of the scarcity of work. Men lounging in the doors of their huts in the middle of the day, surrounded by pale women and children sucking a joint of sugar cane, are not always loafers; in many cases they have nowhere to go and work. While the women toil at making lace, drawn-work, or hats, the males turn their hands to anything that the incessant struggle for livelihood suggests.

A job is a prize in Porto Rico. If one is offered, applicants swarm; many a man "lays off" to lend his job to his brother or his cousin. For all their misfortune, or perhaps because of them, the Porto Ricans, especially outside the large cities, are hospitable and soft-mannered, and characterized by a constant courtesy and a solicitude to please those with whom they come in contact. The island has a less grasping, less materialistic atmosphere than Cuba. The naïveté of the natives is often delightful. It is veraciously reported that a company of youthful *jibaros* (mountain farmers), drafted into the Federal service during the War, waited on their captain one day and asked for their "time," as they did not care for a job in which they had to wear shoes!

THE BEAUTY OF THE HILLS

More mountainous than even Haiti and Santo Domingo, the island is such an unbroken labyrinth of hills, ranges, and high peaks, of deep valleys, perpendicular slopes, and precipitous cañons, that its rugged beauty seems never-ending. Even along the rolling coastal belt the highways are lined with the green- and red-leaved *almendras*, or false almond-trees, which here and there carpet the roads with Turkish rugs of fallen leaves. Higher up comes the flowering laurel with its masses of delicate pink blossoms, then the *bucaré* trees, daub the precipitous hillsides with splotches of their burnt-orange hue; still farther aloft come beautiful tree ferns, and everywhere stand the majestic royal palms and massive mango trees.

Harry A. Franck

PORTO RICAN CANE CUTTERS HELPING TO FILL THE SUGAR BOWL OF THE WORLD

? WHAT IS MONEY—AND WHAT IS IT FOR ?

HAVE you ever asked yourself that question? Money is a vital and essential thing, but most of us know very little about it. We make it and spend it—and our knowledge of it ends there. We hear it talked about daily; we read about it in books and magazines, and much that we hear and read is puzzling. We are told sometimes that money is "tight," at other times that it is "easy," and frequently of late we have been told that "a dollar is only worth fifty cents." What does it all mean? What is money, anyhow?

MILLIONS IN NICKELS
DEPARTMENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA MINT WHERE THAT USEFUL SMALL COIN IS MADE

Here is the answer, condensed in a simple way from a wonderful book, "The Wealth of Nations," written by Adam Smith and published over a century ago in that glorious year of the Birth of our Nation—1776. Here is the Story of Money:

In the old time, primitive communities, division of labor was determined by natural selection. Each man engaged in the occupation that suited him best or to which he was physically adapted. It soon became apparent that a very small part of a man's wants could be supplied by his own labor. There were many things that he needed that were made by his fellowmen, so in order to get these things, he would trade his own products for the products that he desired from his fellow workers.

This was the beginning of "*Exchange*," and, in some communities, it is done even in this day. The farmer brings his produce to market and exchanges it for shoes, clothing and household necessities. In the primitive communities, however, exchange was hard to manage. The butcher might have more meat in his shop than he could use, and the baker and shoemaker might each of them want a part of his meat, but having nothing to offer in exchange, because the butcher had all the bread and shoes that he wanted. No dealings were possible between them. How, then, were the baker and shoemaker to get the butcher's meat that they so much needed?

Situations of this sort made clear to the community that there must be, besides the produce of each one's own industry, a certain quantity of some commodity or other such as *all* men would find desirable and useful and would, at any time, take in exchange for the product of their industry. Many different commodities were successively thought of and employed as a medium of exchange. Cattle was said to have been the commonest medium of exchange, and, in old times, things were frequently valued according to the *number of cattle* that would be given in exchange for them. A certain article would be worth "ten sheep," another article a "hundred oxen." It was not easy, however, to transfer heads of cattle, so more convenient commodities were selected as time went by. Salt was used in some cases, seashells in others. Tobacco was used in early Virginia; sugar in some of the West India colonies; dried cod in Newfoundland; hides or dressed leathers in other countries. And in some places, as in Scotland, it is said that it was not uncommon for a workman to carry nails to a baker shop or a butcher's as a medium of exchange.

In the course of years of experience, men came at last to prefer metals above every other commodity as an instrument of commerce. Metals were not perishable. They could be melted up or divided into smaller parts, preserving the same quality in varying sizes. This gave metal a distinct advantage over other commodities. The man that wanted to buy salt and had nothing but cattle to give for it, had to buy, at least, salt to the value of a whole ox or a whole sheep—he could not buy less than that.

If, on the contrary, he had metals to give in exchange, he could easily *portion out a quantity of metal to the precise quantity of salt that he wanted.* Metals of various kinds and values came soon into general use.

Iron was a common instrument in Sparta; copper in ancient Rome; gold and silver among the richest commercial nations. Originally these metals were made in rude bars without any stamp or coinage. This use was attended with two awkward conditions: first, the difficulty of weighing accurately and, secondly, that of assaying their value. In precious metals where a small difference in the quantity makes a big difference in value, the business of weighing was important and it was awkward for merchants to carry fine scales with them through all their transactions. Assaying was still more difficult and tedious. It called for a chemist—or at least an expert assayer. In those days people must often have been the victims of frauds and impositions. Pieces of metal having the weight of pure silver or pure copper but being base adulterations must have been paid out many a time without detection. In order to prevent such dishonest practices, and establish a standard of exchange, it was found necessary in all countries to affix a public stamp on certain particular metals as were in common use—this stamp being an assurance to everyone that handled the piece of metal that *it was, in weight and in quality, what it claimed to be.*

This was the beginning of coined money, and also of public offices called "mints," the latter being institutions where metal was stamped so as to assure the public of its integrity. The first stamps that were affixed on current metals were intended to attest the goodness or fineness of the metal and it resembled the sterling mark which is today affixed to plate and bars of silver. It did not attest the *weight* of the metal. The next step, therefore, was to give the coins denominations that would indicate the weight or quantity of the metal contained in them. When money was first coined in Rome, the Roman *pondo* contained a Roman pound of good copper. In England in the time of Edward I. the English pound sterling was a coin that gave assurance of a pound, Tower weight, of silver of a known fineness. The French *livre*, in the time of Charlemagne, contained a pound, Troyes weight, of silver of known quality. After the pound came smaller coins, such as "shilling," giving assurance of a definite weight.

Finally, in the course of experience in commerce, metal money of various kinds became in all civilized nations, the universal instrument of commerce, by means of which goods of all kinds were bought or sold.

So much Adam Smith tells us. Paper money is a refinement of the same exchange. In convenient form, it stands for so much value in coin money. It is either a promissory note of the Government for a certain sum, or it is a certificate of deposit of a certain amount in gold or silver in the national treasury. Paper money, it is needless to say, is of no intrinsic value. Its value lies simply in the assurance printed on each bill that there is a definite sum of the coin of the nation behind the bit of paper, and that this sum can be obtained by the possessor of the paper bill. In a later number of *The Mentor* we are going to tell The Story of Gold, and the Making of Money.

FROM CATTLE TO COIN—THE EVOLUTION OF MONEY THROUGH THE AGES

NOTRE DAME IN FICTION

IN that splendid Paris which thrills, delights, and amazes the visitor of today there are structures and squares which impress the traveler from the new world with a sense of antiquity, but which to the critical eyes of Notre Dame must seem the veriest of upstarts. She herself was built for a little Gothic capital, and a huge metropolis has outgrown her. Among the spirits that in imagination return from the dust of centuries to renew in the shadow of the great cathedral the associations of the past are those of kings and captains, statesmen and thundering prelates, and scribes, who, though lightly considered in their own times, have outlived the ephemeral mighty beforewhom they cringed in the matter of perpetuating for posterity "*toutes les gloires de la France*," and in some cases the glories of other lands.

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL
THE MOST FAMOUS CHURCH IN FRANCE

There is hardly a name in the roll of French letters, from the twelfth century to the fifteenth, which is not in some measure linked with the Cathedral of Notre Dame (Our Lady); hardly a poet or romancer or playwright of modern times who has not occasionally turned to the cathedral and the streets about it to draw direct inspiration from the trophied and mysterious past. Notre Dame means Abelard and Heloise, and Dante, and Boileau, and Fénélon, and Molière and Corneille, and Balzac and Victor Hugo and Eugene Sue, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Chapter of Notre Dame, owned nearly all the eastern end of the *Île de la Cite* (Isle of the City), and had built up a clerical village of some forty small houses, each within its own garden. In one of these houses facing the river, in 1118, seventy years before the present cathedral was begun, dwelt those beloved lovers, Abelard and Heloise. In the shadow of Notre Dame was born Boccaccio, the Italian poet and novelist, and Dante lived under the same eaves for a vague year or two, in the period of his exile. Balzac, in a fragment of romance, placed Dante's Paris home in one of the small houses just to the east of the cathedral, thence ferrying him over to the quay, whence the Italian strolled to his lectures.

Let us follow the winding picturesque Rue Chanoinesse, and at Number 18, let us climb to the Hering staircase of the Dagebert Tower, and old and precious débris of the canonical buildings that once enclosed the Cathedral of Paris. A few dozen worn-down steps will bring us to a narrow platform, whence we shall behold an admirable sight. "Notre Dame, radiantly beautiful, rises, like a large stone flower, from a mass of flat roofs, and the majestic outlines of its towers stand out in their immensity against the horizon.

"Beneath every caprice of the hour or light, whether the sun gilds this splendor or its carvings are mantled in snow, while a carpet spotless flakes stretches below, whether the flaming sky frames its violet bulk in melting gold or the storm wraps it in its copper clouds, ever the noble cathedral appears in its shining beauty and unsurpassed splendor.

"The spire that completes it shoots clearly and proudly into the air, and flights of crows whirl, with shrill cawings, round the blossoming roots of the Paris Basilic. Over there, above a dazzling view of carvings, chimneys, gables, bridges, steeples, and streets, the far-off azures melt into soft tints, and finally mingle, on the horizon, in a vague coloring; the beasts of the Apocalypse, which the talented artists of times gone by have poised on the tower balustrades, bend grimacingly and jeeringly over

the vast Paris that feverishly lives and moves below!"

It is a far cry from that city of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame,"— of Quasimodo, the crippled bell-ringer, and Claude Frollo and Esmeralda and Captain Phoebus—to the town of the eighteen-seventies through which Robert Louis Stevenson so delighted to wander. Yet Notre Dame of the fifteenth century meant more to the picturesque Scotsman than all the cathedrals of Great Britain combined. He saw it with the eyes of François Villon (fran-swah vee-yohng), whose vagabondage he pictured so vividly in "A Lodging for the Night." To him the characters of the Hugo romance were keenly alive, and, above all, the cathedral itself. "Old Paris," he recorded of the great Frenchman's book, "lives for us with newness of life. Notre Dame has been held up over Paris by a height far greater than that of its twin towers: the cathedral is present to us from the first page to the last. . . And then Hugo has peopled this Gothic city, and, above all, this Gothic church, with a race of men even more distinctly Gothic than their surroundings."

In that series of spirited romances in which the good Dumas (du-mah) carried his splendid Four Musketeers from the fiery morning of life to the gradually falling evening when the lights were extinguished, and the heroes passed away one by one, Notre Dame looms like a beacon on a hill. Forever, in their journeys to and fro between the right bank and the left, Musketeers were passing in its shadow, their spurs jingling and the scabbards of their long rapiers clanging against the rough cobblestones of the narrow streets that clustered at the cathedral's base. Those streets, which had known the hunch-back of the Hugo tale, and Chicot (shee-ko), and d'Artagnan (dar-tan-yan), Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, survived to figure in the *Comédie Humaine* of Honoré de Balzac, and to furnish the stupendous setting of the scene for Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris." The twin towers still jutted up from a medieval tangle when Hugo and Balzac and Sue and Méryon knew them, and found in them inspiration. Here, under the wing of Notre Dame, the Fifteenth Century, which had defied the Sixteenth and the Seventeenth and the Eighteenth, persisted into the Nineteenth. Here was the old Paris of Villon . . . . . and of Quasimodo.

Quasimodo and the priest Frollo in the tower; the girl Esmeralda and her goat in the square below; the Villon of actual existence, or, better still, of the Stevensonian tale, slinking furtively in the shadows! These are but a few of the vast company yonder in the Valhalla of romance, who, if brought back to earth, would turn instant eyes to the twin towers and the splendid facade. So many of them are there that they would stretch beyond the longest evening shadow. So many that the reverent Pilgrim before or within the ancient structure must choose those of Fable Land who happen to be nearest and dearest to his heart. In that spirit the present Pilgrim sees in imagination the Tartuffe of Molière (mol-yare), planning fresh villainies while apparently engaged in prayer; Jourdain, or Aramis, the dainty friend of duchesses, answering in the dim aisles to the call that will temporarily convert a dashing musketeer of the King into an abbé; or Clive Newcome and his good old father, the Colonel, stepping softly and musing on the mighty past of which the cathedral is the symbol. The pilgrim listens to the mutterings of the Great Jacquerie, the theme of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," mutterings that, swelling into a clamor of fury, were to convert Notre Dame into a Temple of Reason; or follows Du Maurier's delightful Knights of the Brush ("Trilby"), thrilling to its beauty and its art. Notre Dame of Paris is France's national glory. And it is also the glory of a literature that is not exclusively French.

—*Arthur B. Maurice*

THE EASTERN, OR ALTAR END, OF NOTRE DAME
FROM AN ETCHING BY CHARLES MÉRYON

Condensed from *Art and Life.*

THE MAN THAT REACHED THE TOP

A TRIBUTE TO HUDSON STUCK, BY BELMORE BROWNE

HUDSON STUCK reached the summit of Mt. McKinley. Belmore Browne climbed within a short distance of it and was driven back by a blizzard. The difference between the man that got to the "top of the continent" and the man that nearly got there was very slight — the difference of only a few hundred rods. Stuck benefited by Browne's experience — and Browne gives Stuck full credit and applause — good sporting spirit between two brave, adventurous souls. There is then a very special personal interest in the following tribute to Stuck, written for The Mentor by Belmore Browne:

HUDSON STUCK
WHO CLIMBED MT. McKINLEY

"What a loss Alaska suffered in the death of Stuck—'Saint of the Yukon,' as he was called. He was a sound scholar, a brilliant preacher, a tireless priest, a scientist and explorer—a splendid type of the men who have answered the call of the 'silent places' in the Far North.

Hudson Stuck was born in England, and was educated at King's College, London. In 1885 he came to this country, and in 1892 graduated from the University of the South. He had a charge in Texas until 1904, when, through the generosity of Pierpont Morgan, the bishopric of Alaska was created, and Stuck volunteered.

In the summer of 1904 he began his work there as 'Archdeacon of the Yukon and Tanana Valleys and of the Arctic regions to the north of the same.' He traveled, he explored, he preached, and he built up. The hospitals of St. John's-in-the-Wilderness and St. Stephen are monuments to his zealous industry.

In his mission work he traveled by dog-teams in the winter, stopping just long enough in the spring to allow the rivers to clear of ice, when he boarded his little launch, the *Pelican*, and began a round of the northern rivers.

In addition to his duties he found time to answer the call of the great adventure that he describes in the 'Ascent of Denali,' (Mt. McKinley) and it was our mutual interest in America's greatest mountain that brought us together. In 1912, Professor Herschel Parker, Merl LaVoy, and I had reached the northeastern end of the summit-ridge of Mount McKinley. Our labor of three years was defeated by summer blizzards, and we were driven back, when a walk of only about five minutes would have brought us to the little knoll of snow that forms the highest point on the Continent.

On my return to civilization I received several letters from the Archdeacon asking for details of our route, and for general information relative to the ascent he was planning. Accompanied by Karstens, a man known throughout Alaska for his physical strength and knowledge of the wilderness, and a number of Mission Indians the ascent was completed in the summer of 1913. This great achievement reflects the love of adventure and contempt for physical suffering that, added to his religious zeal, so eminently fitted Hudson Stuck for the splendid life work he accomplished. In the words of the minute passed by the Department of Missions after his death: 'With perfect simplicity it may be said of him that he fought a good fight, has finished his course, and has attained his crown.'"

HUDSON STUCK AND HIS FAVORITE DOG "MUK"

? ? ? WHO; WHEN; WHY ? ? ?

***On this page we print such questions and answers selected from our daily mail as seem to have a general interest.*

Question. Is Winston Churchill an American or an Englishman?

Answer. There are two Winston Churchills. One is the American novelist, born in St. Louis in 1871, and living now in Windsor, Vt. He is known for many successful works of fiction—"Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and others. His work is fully covered in Mentor No. 25.

The English Churchill is Rt. Hon. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, born in 1874, the son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, who was the third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. Belonging, as he does, to a brilliant and distinguished family, the Hon. Winston Churchill has made fame as a traveler, war correspondent, writer and statesman. He was Minister of Munitions during the World War, and prominent in various war activities.

Question. What is the story of "The Pot of Basil," painted by John W. Alexander?

Answer. The story of the Pot of Basil is told in Keats' poem called "Isabella." It is a legend of an unfortunate pair of lovers. The young knight, who courted Isabella, was not approved by her warrior father. Accordingly, he is waylaid and killed, and his head is brought to Isabella. She buries it in a pot of basil which she waters with her tears and cherishes in tragic grief. You can find the poem in any volume of Keats' works.

Question. What is the origin of the American Indian?

Answer. There is much speculation about the matter. The name "Indian" was applied to the natives of America by Columbus, he thinking that the land he found was actually a part of India. Some think that the natives that Columbus found came to this continent from the East coast and were descended from the Norse Vikings, whose vessels were blown on these shores. Others think the West coast was the first to be inhabited, and that the Indians were of Tartar descent, and came over by way of Kamschatka, Alaska, and down through the North American continent. There is a theory also that the American Indian is descended from the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel. The subject will be covered in a future number of The Mentor written by the famous Indian authority, George Bird Grinnell.

Question. What is the District of Columbia?

Answer. The District of Columbia comprises sixty square miles of land and ten square miles of water. At that spot on the Potomac stood the Indian village of Powhattan, which Captain Smith visited in 1608. In 1663 Francis Pope, an Englishman, settled there. At the close of the Revolutionary War the question of a permanent seat of government was discussed, and after the claims of New York, Philadelphia, Germantown, Baltimore, Wilmington and other places had been considered, the present district was selected in 1790-91. It was the wish of George Washington that determined the choice. For many years after the District was created, the only municipal corporation was the town of Georgetown, governed by a mayor and city council. The rest of the District was under the jurisdiction of a body of justices of the peace. In 1871 the whole district was placed under a form of government called "The District of Columbia," consisting of a Governor, a Board of Public Works, Secretary, a Board of Health, and a Council of eleven members, all appointed by the President of the United States. In 1874 this form of government was abolished by Congress, and for a time the affairs of the district were administered by three commissioners appointed by the President. This arrangement was made permanent in 1878. The people of the District of Columbia have no vote in municipal or national affairs.

Question. What is the origin of bookplates?

Answer. They are believed to have originated in Germany, though some authorities claim Japan first used them. The earliest printed bookplate we know of today was used about 1480. It was the master artist Albrecht Durer who first gave thought to the engraving of subjects for this purpose, and he is called the "Father of Bookplates," because, under his hand, they became works of art instead of crude wood-cuts. Famous artists in various countries have turned their hand to this sort of art. In England Hogarth signed bookplate designs. In America many highly prized bookplates were engraved by Paul Revere.

Question. What is the meaning of the phrase "*Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense*"?

Answer. I knew that we would get that question sooner or later. The phrase is French, and means "Evil to him who evil thinks." The origin of it is to be found in the story of the time of King Edward III of England. The Countess of Salisbury let fall a garter, while dancing, and the king stooped to pick it up. The incident provoked some frivolous remarks, which caused the Countess to withdraw in confusion. The king exclaimed, "*Honi Soi Qui Mal Y Pense*," and added that he would make this little ribbon so glorious that all would desire it. Thus, according to legend, was the Order of the Garter founded—the highest order of chivalry in Great Britain. The order was instituted in 1349, a date that disagrees with that of the legend quoted, but the phrase "*Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense*" appears on the coat-of-arms of Great Britain, as well as on the Order of the Garter.

Question. What was the Crow Bar Act?

Answer. The case is Osborn vs. United States—a case arising out of the breaking open of a branch of the United States Bank by U. S. authorities, (Crow Bar Act). There is a good account of the details of it in McMaster's "History of the United States."

Question. What popular play is it in which only one character speaks throughout a whole act?

Answer. This is a trick question—but we happen to know the answer to it. The play that you refer to is Rip Van Winkle, and the act is the one in which Rip is taken up into the mountains and entertained by the Hendrik Hudson men. During the whole of this act Rip Van Winkle is the only character that speaks, and for an excellent reason—the Hendrik Hudson men were all dumb.

THE OPEN LETTER

Here is the message that we have given out so many times on this page and elsewhere in The Mentor. Here is The Mentor idea, crystal clear in the simple, strong words of a great Captain of Industry. While seeking for some new way to drive the message home, we came, by rare good fortune, upon a letter by Charles M. Schwab printed in a recent number of *The Century*, and addressed to young men. We reprint a part of it. In this earnest message one finds the soul of success. It is an ideal working Creed for those that want to make the most of themselves in life.

★ ★ ★

As we read Mr. Schwab's words our minds turn back to the day, now nine years ago, when The Mentor plan was conceived and its purpose and program were determined. On that day we declared that "The Mentor shall devote itself to developing in the individual an interest in, and an understanding of, the finer things of life—in Art, Literature, Music, History, Travel, Science, and Nature." During these years The Mentor has led its readers through varied fields of information, filled with interesting facts and enriched with beautiful pictures. The Mentor Idea and Policy have now, in the new and enlarged form of the publication, a fuller and freer scope. We can now place before our readers *all* the riches that a subject offers in reading matter that informs and pictures that illustrate. The coming year will tell the story.

★ ★ ★

There will be plenty of Art, of course, for art is what many of our readers care for most. "The Sea in Art" will be a delightful account of American painters who have pictured the ocean. Later on, will come a number on "Landscape in Art," and, after that, "The Desert in Art," a most attractive number on "The Mother and Child in Art," and one on "Art in Dress."

In the field of Travel Mr. Elmendorf's articles will be followed by several by the well known travel-lecturer, Mr. E. M. Newman—notably one on "Constantinople." We will take a pleasure trip with Mr. Elmendorf down through the islands of the Caribbean Sea and will enjoy the "Lure of the South Seas" with Frederick O'Brien.

"The Story of the American Indian" will be told by George Bird Grinnell, the greatest living authority on the Indian, and a chosen chief of several tribes.

★ ★ ★

In the field of History we shall cover China and Confucius, Royal Lovers of History, and the beautiful superwomen who have influenced the destinies of men and nations. We shall revel in "The Beauty of Color," dwell on "Nature's Rarest Flowers," and look over the "Priceless Books of the World." We shall meet our old friends in literature, Mark Twain and Robert Burns, and the great editors that have molded public opinion—C. A. Dana, Horace Greeley, Henry Watterson, James Gordon Bennett, Joseph Pulitzer and others.

★ ★ ★

Popular Science will be represented by numbers on Electricity, the Story of Leather, the Romance of Gold and Silver. Light-house Service and Live Saving, the Mystery of the Ocean and the Marvels of Astronomy. All these subjects and many others will be covered by famous writers and illustrated with beautiful pictures in gravure and in colors. We can only touch the "high spots" in a brief announcement, so we simply give assurance here of the many good things to come, and ask our readers to "watch, look and listen."

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

A MESSAGE FROM CHARLES M. SCHWAB

It cannot too often be pointed out that possession of money is frequently a matter of chance, or good fortune, and is no real mark of success in life. The true mark of success is the approval of your fellowmen and the evidence of work accomplished. True greatness cannot be built upon selfishness.

Advancement in commercial life, as in the professions, depends very largely upon imagination. I know of no better way to cultivate imagination than to have an appreciation for the finer things of life. Learn to know and appreciate them in Art, Literature, and Music. A man who is well educated has ten times as many chances of success as the man without an education.

THE NEW MENTOR

"Shows a marked improvement over the old."

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"I have just finished the new MENTOR, and was so delighted with it that I felt I should drop you a word of congratulation. The MENTOR has developed into a wonderful institution and covers a field that no other single publication has entered. I have been a subscriber for four years, and I look forward to future issues with a great deal of pleasure. I feel that it is worth many times the price, and I intend to continue being a subscriber indefinitely." J— M— A— Newtonville, Mass.

"The MENTOR is like a good wife—you don't really know how much she means to you until she is absent for a while. The MENTOR is part of one's life—a necessity, and, therefore, it is impossible to do it full justice. It is the only magazine in its line; it has absolutely no rivals. It stands out from the rest like the evening star from its other small sisters. Don't ever write to me asking whether I want the MENTOR; just keep on sending it and send the bill." S—P—, Columbus, O.

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